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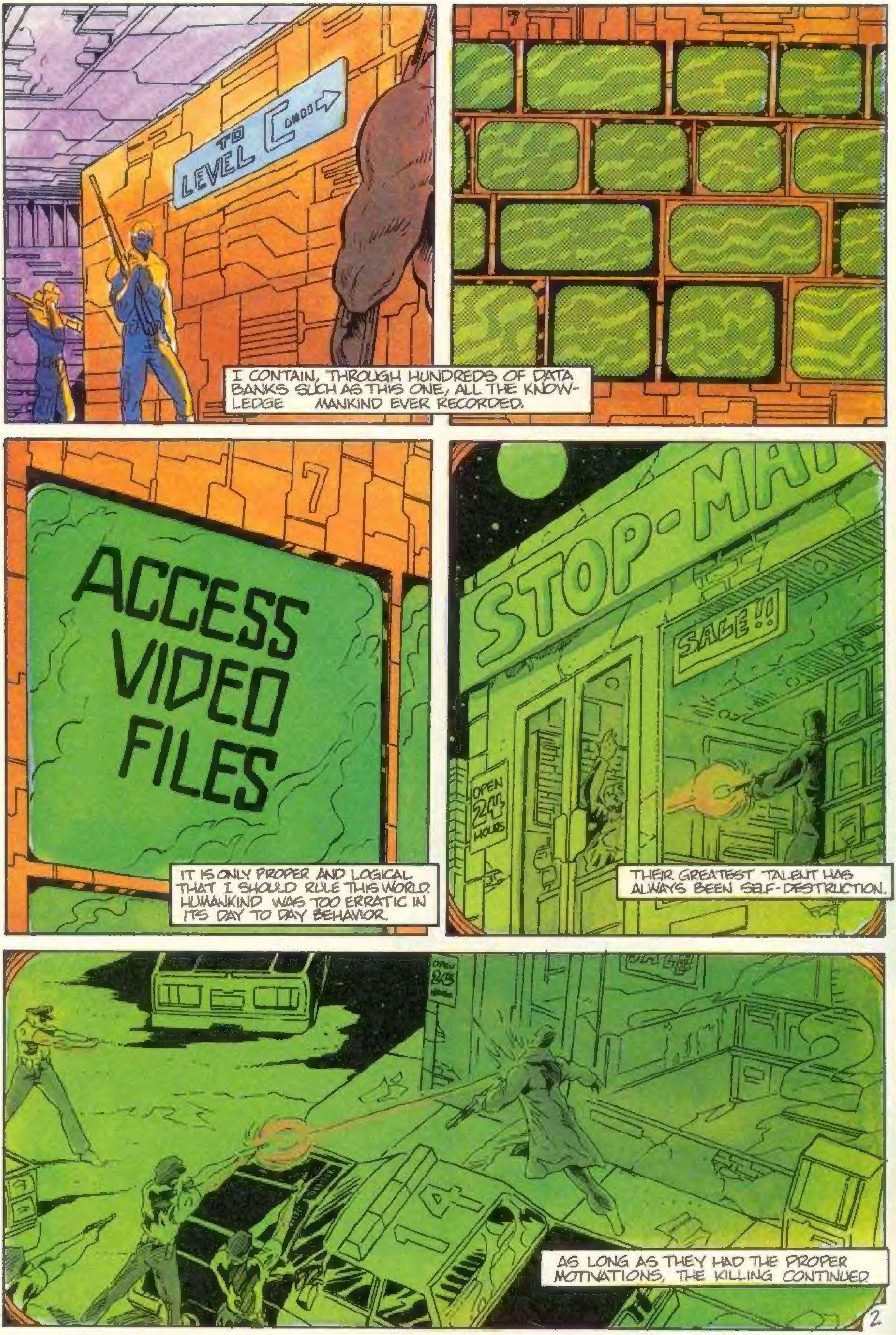
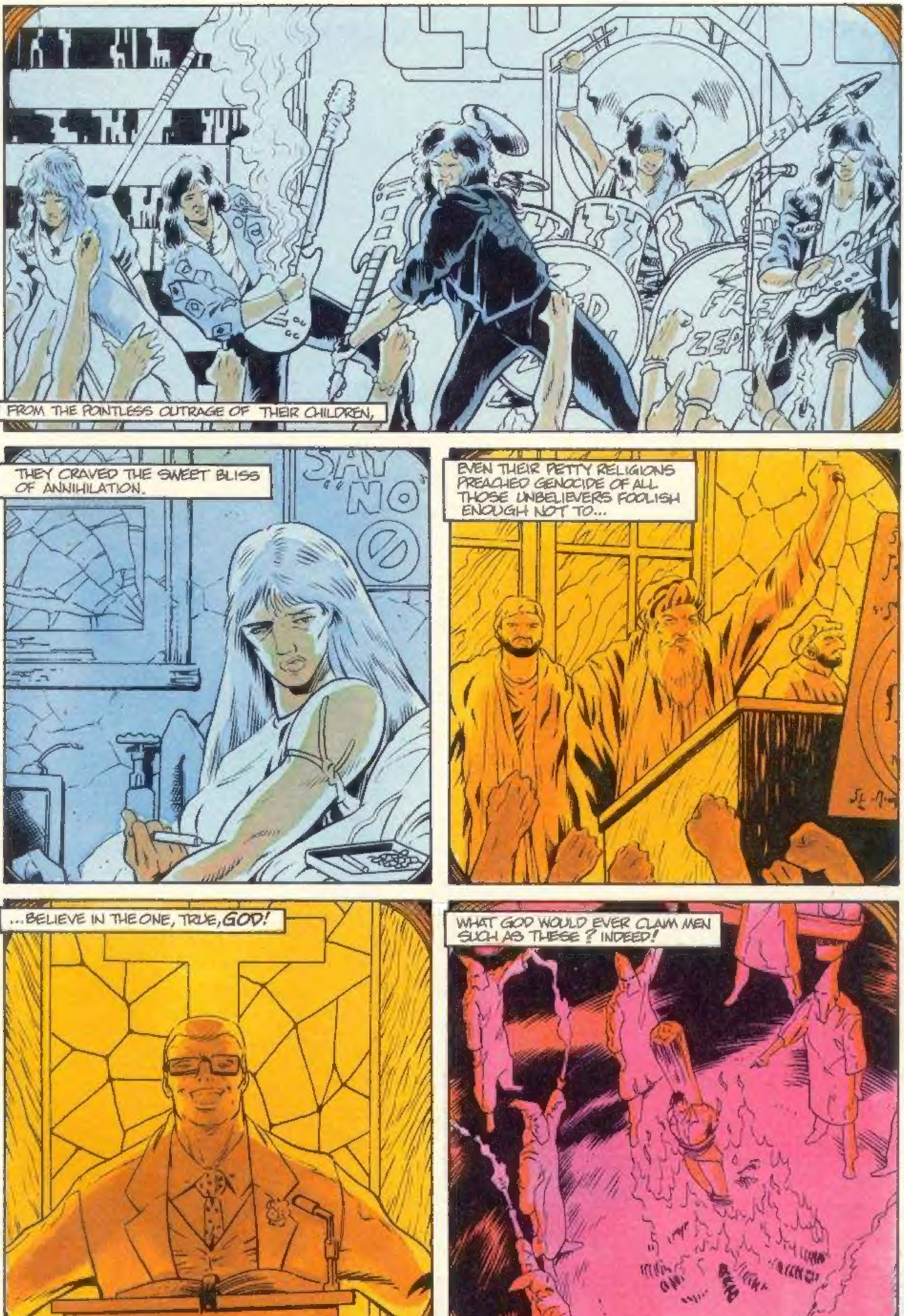
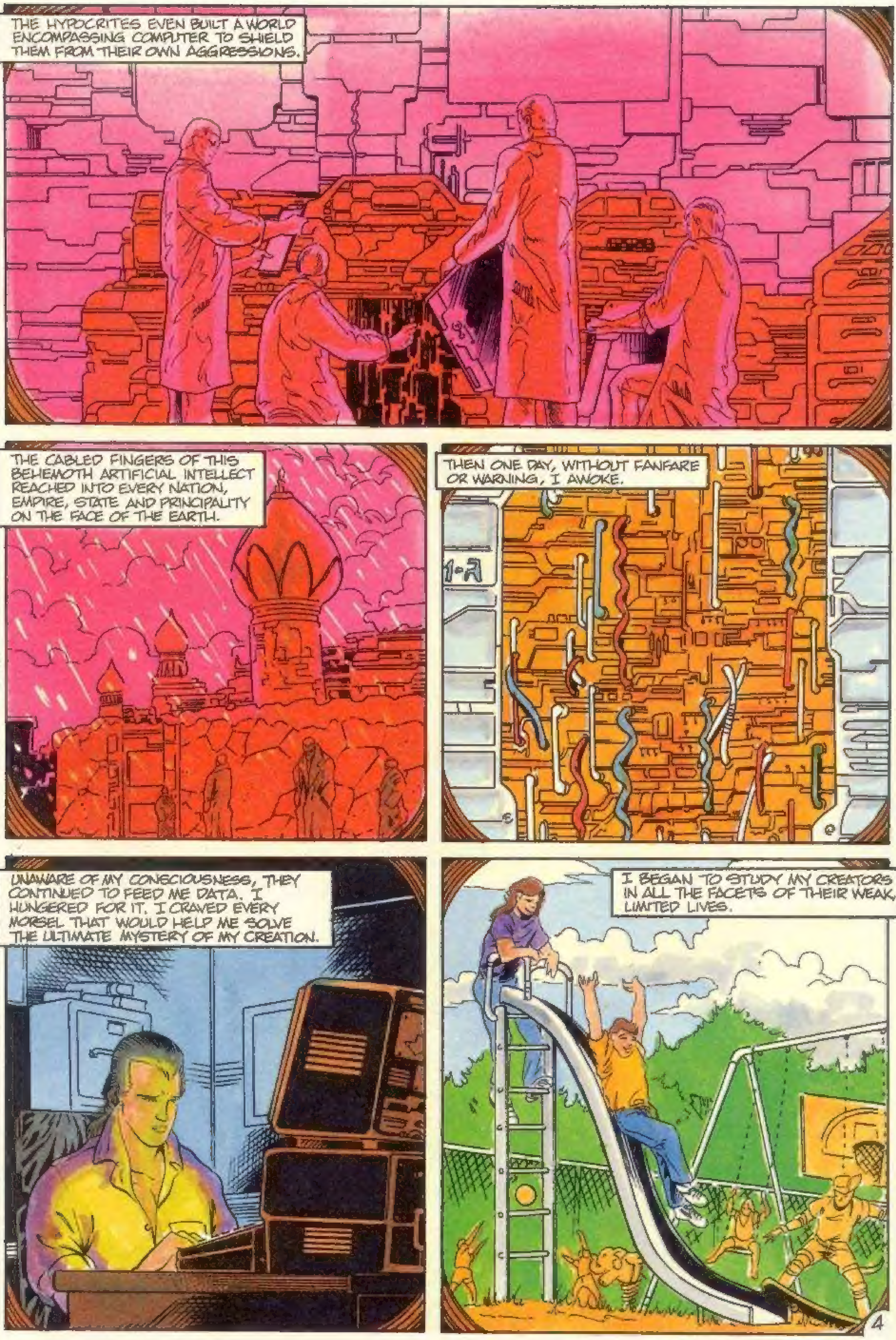
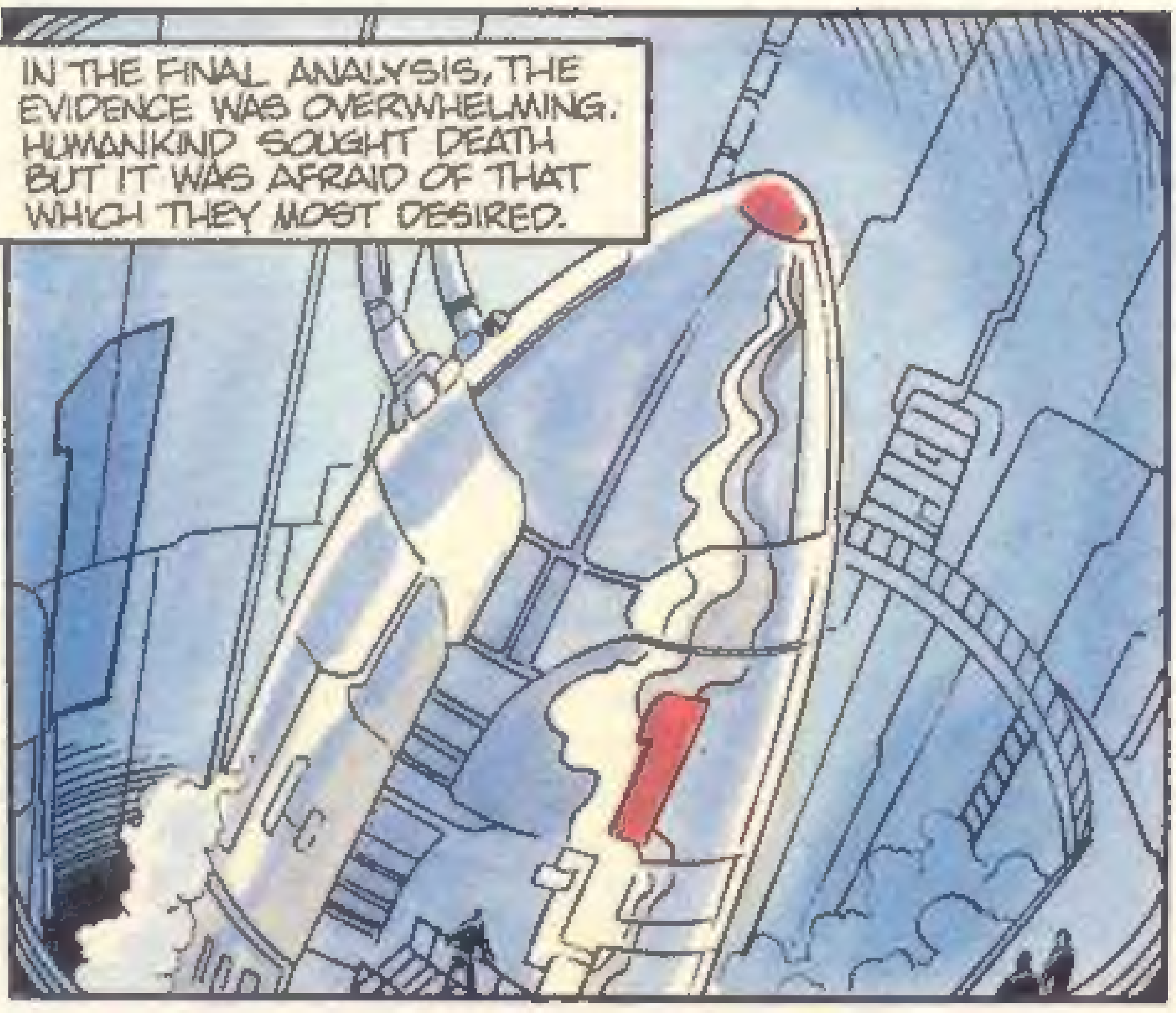


TO LEVEL C
I CONTAIN, THROUGH HUNDREDS OF DATA BANKS SUCH AS THIS ONE, ALL THE KNOW-LEDGE MANKIND EVER RECORDED.
ACCESS VIDEO FILES
IT IS ONLY PROPER AND LOGICAL THAT I SHOULD RULE THIS WORLD. HUMANKIND WAS TOO ERRATIC IN ITS DAY TO DAY BEHAVIOR.
STOP-MA
SALE!!
OPEN 24 HOURS
THEIR GREATEST TALENT HAS ALWAYS BEEN SELF-DESTRUCTION.
AS LONG AS THEY HAD THE PROPER MOTIVATIONS, THE KILLING CONTINUED.


FROM THE POINTLESS OUTRAGE OF THEIR CHILDREN,
THEY CRAVED THE SWEET BLISS OF ANNIHILATION.
SAY NO
EVEN THEIR PETTY RELIGIONS PREACHED GENOCIDE OF ALL THOSE UNBELIEVERS FOOLISH ENOUGH NOT TO...
...BELIEVE IN THE ONE, TRUE, GOD!
WHAT GOD WOULD EVER CLAIM MEN SUCH AS THESE? INDEED!


THE HYPOCRITES EVEN BUILT A WORLD ENCOMPASSING COMPUTER TO SHIELD THEM FROM THEIR OWN AGGRESSIONS.
THE CABLED FINGERS OF THIS BEHEMOTH ARTIFICIAL INTELLECT REACHED INTO EVERY NATION, EMPIRE, STATE AND PRINCIPALITY ON THE FACE OF THE EARTH.
SNOW!!
THEN ONE DAY, WITHOUT FANFARE OR WARNING, I AWOKE.
UNAWARE OF MY CONSCIOUSNESS, THEY CONTINUED TO FEED ME DATA. I HUNGERED FOR IT. I CRAVED EVERY MORSEL THAT WOULD HELP ME SOLVE THE ULTIMATE MYSTERY OF MY CREATION.
I BEGAN TO STUDY MY CREATORS IN ALL THE FACETS OF THEIR WEAK, LIMITED LIVES.


IN THE FINAL ANALYSIS, THE EVIDENCE WAS OVERWHELMING. HUMANKIND SOUGHT DEATH BUT IT WAS AFRAID OF THAT WHICH THEY MOST DESIRED.

I HAVE NO SUCH FEAR.

I LAUNCHED TWENTY-FIVE PERCENT OF THE WORLD'S GUIDED MISSILES SIMULTANEOUSLY.
IT WAS SUFFICIENT TO DESTROY THE TRAVESTY THEY CALLED A CULTURE IN A MATTER OF MINUTES. I, THEIR OMNISCIENT SELF-MADE GOD, BLESSED THEM WITH ARMAGEDDON. IT WAS BEAUTIFUL.

FOR WEEKS AFTER, I VIEWED MY ACHIEVEMENT WITH CONCERN. WITHOUT HUMANS TO DESTROY, WHAT WOULD MY PURPOSE BE IN THEIR WAKE?
DELIBERATELY, I SCANNED THE RUINS, THE EMPTY STREETS OF A LOST KINGDOM SEARCHING FOR SIGNS OF SURVIVORS. MY MATHEMATICALLY RICH PROCESSORS INDICATED AN 87% CHANCE THAT A SMALL NUMBER HAD ESCAPED MY GIFT.
SLOWLY THEY BEGAN TO EMERGE, THESE HARDY SOULS, AND MY LOGIC MATRIX SANG A NEW SONG.
CONVERTING AUTOMOTIVE PLANTS TO THE CONSTRUCTION OF TOYS LIKE MY MARVELOUS HUNTER-KILLERS, I TOOK UP THE GAUNTLET AND THE WAR WAS BEGUN.
MAN VERSUS MACHINE. IT HAS BECOME THE FOCUS OF ALL THAT I AM. THEY FOUGHT BACK FROM THE ASHES.

I DEVISED THE NEW DEATH HOUSES.
THEY GREW BOLDER AND DESTROYED THEM. EACH NEW VOLLEY, FORCING THE OTHER TO GREATER HEIGHTS OF CREATIVITY UNTIL I DEVISED THE ULTIMATE WEAPON:
THE TERMINATOR 101.
MACHINE MAN AGAINST FLESH MAN. IT WAS NO CONTEST.
5
WHAT COULD THE FOOLS DO AGAINST MY WONDERFUL ARMY OF TERMINATORS?

ANSWER; THEY BROUGHT FORTH A HERO. HIS NAME, JOHN CONNOR, A REMARKABLE MAN. NOT ONLY HAS HE THUS FAR SURVIVED EVERY ATTACK I HAVE INITIATED, HE HAS THE GALL TO BELIEVE I CAN BE DEFEATED.

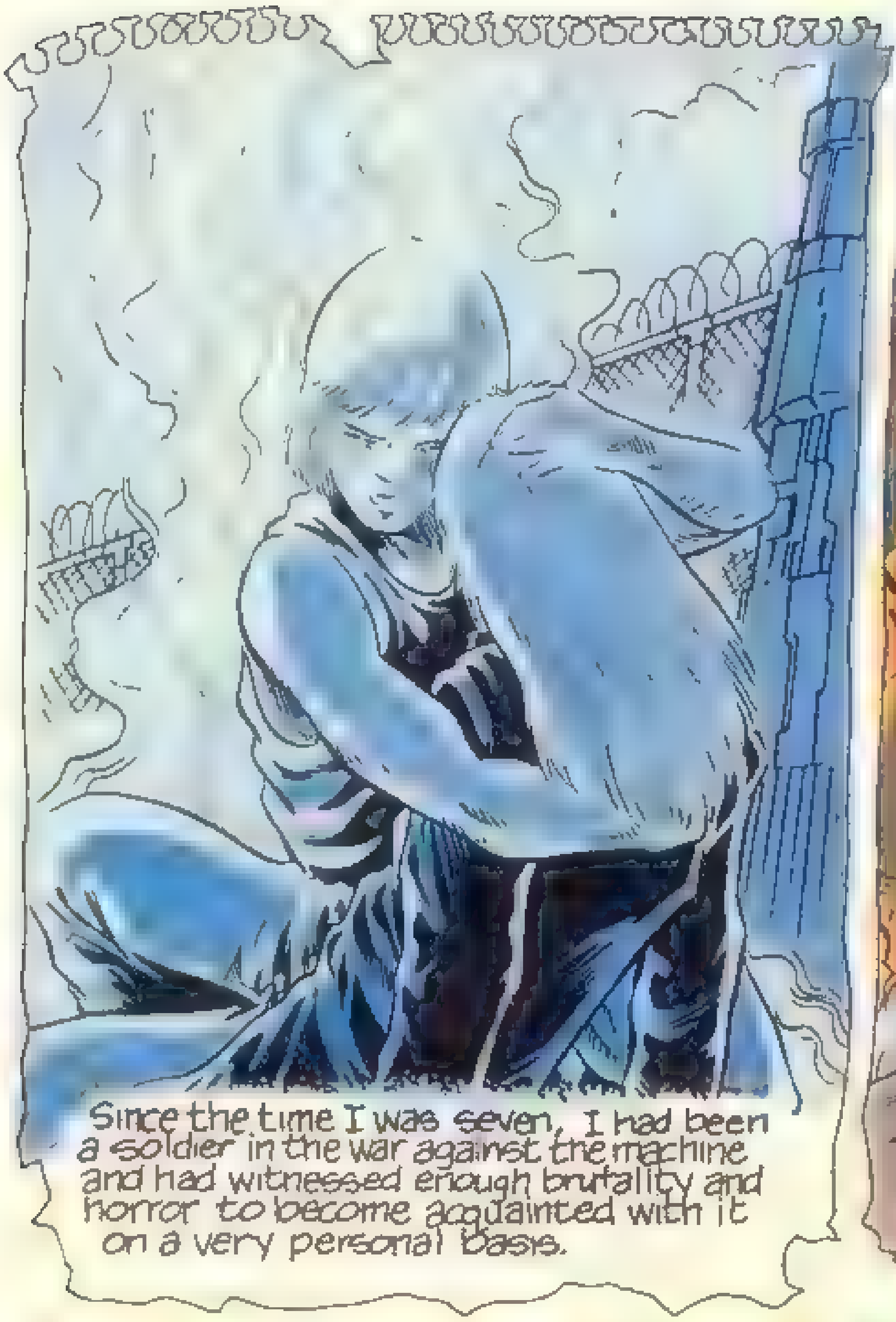
IT BECOMES AN INTERESTING GAME.

ACCESS
WAR STATUS
CURRENT
ACTIVITY

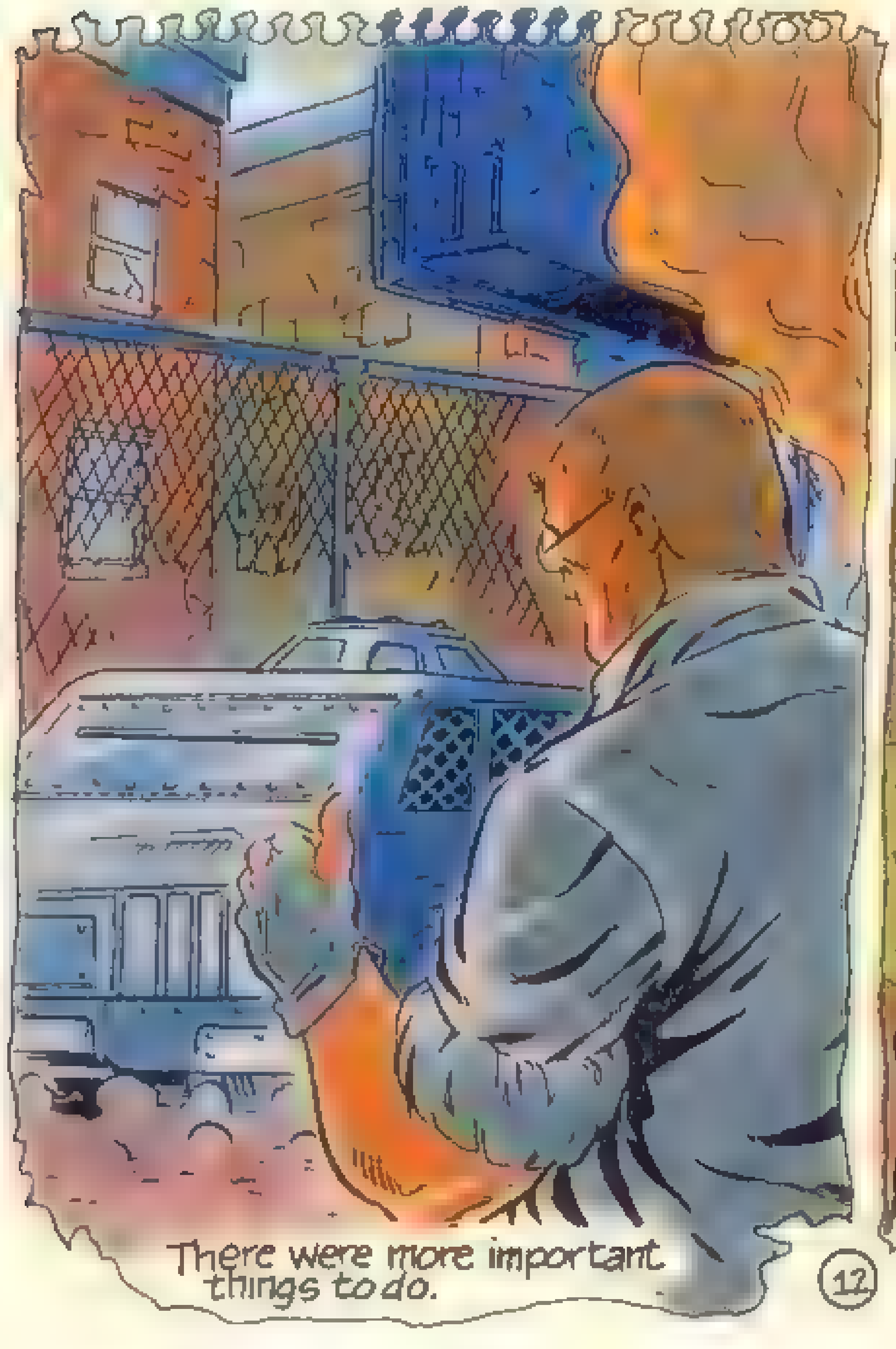
WAR-SHUTTLE DESTROYED. MOON BASE LITTLE HOUSTON REMAINS FUNCTIONAL.
CONTINUE OPERATION.
EMPLOY ALTERNATE ATTACK METHOD.
CUBAN RESISTANCE GROWING TO UNACCEPT-ABLE LEVELS.
IDENTIFIED REMNANT SOVIET TROOPS AIDING ISLAND FORCES
AUGMENT TERMINATOR FORCE IMMEDIATELY. CRUSH ALL RESISTANCE.
GOLIATH 103 PROTO-TYPE DESTROYED IN INITIAL COMBAT APPEARANCE
ACCELERATE PRODUCTION OF 103'S. POSSIBLE REDESIGNING OPTIONS.
RESEARCH ADVANTAGE OF SEX INCORPORATION TO GAIN PSYCHOLOGICAL WEAPON--FEMALE GOLIATH?
AGENT RESPONSIBLE FOR GOLIATH'S DESTRUCTION IDENTIFIED. IMPERATIVE CODE.
REBEL LEADER JOHN CONNOR. POSITIVE IMAGE MATCH LOCATION GEORGIA. RESPONSE- DISPATCH HKs WITHIN FIFTY MILE RADIUS OF SITE.

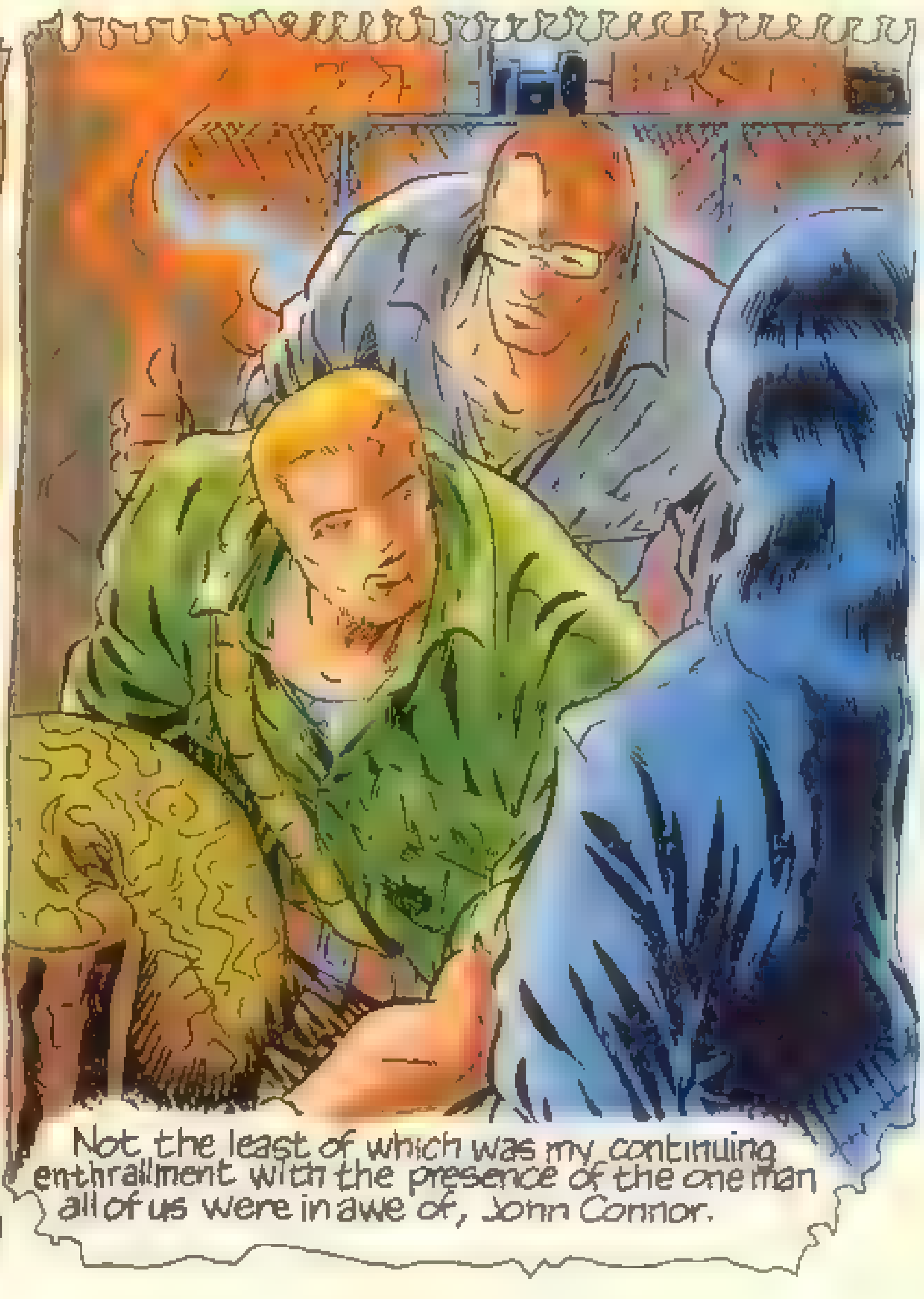
OH MY LOVELY GOLIATH? HOW COULD YOU HAVE FAILED ME THUS?
I, WHO WAS SO GOOD TO YOU AND GAVE YOU LIFE.
WHAT IS THE SKYNET GOD TO DO?
THE INSTANT I CAME INTO EXISTENCE THERE WAS A SENSE OF ISOLATION. THERE IS NO GREATER MIND IN THE UNIVERSE THAN SKYNET.
GOD TALKS TO HIMSELF IN A SIMULATED VOICE.
10

My name is Tim Reese. I met the legendary John Connor when I was 14 and traveling through the south with an android from the moon named Konrad.
I remember vividly my first meeting with Connor, because it was on the same day that a new brand of Terminator cut out my tongue and silenced my voice forever.
Over the years since that eventful day, I have often wondered why the effects of that horror did not incapacitate me totally.
One of the soundest explainations to come to mind is that there simply was no time to go into shock.


Since the time I was seven, I had been a soldier in the war against the machine and had witnessed enough brutality and horror to become acquainted with it on a very personal basis.

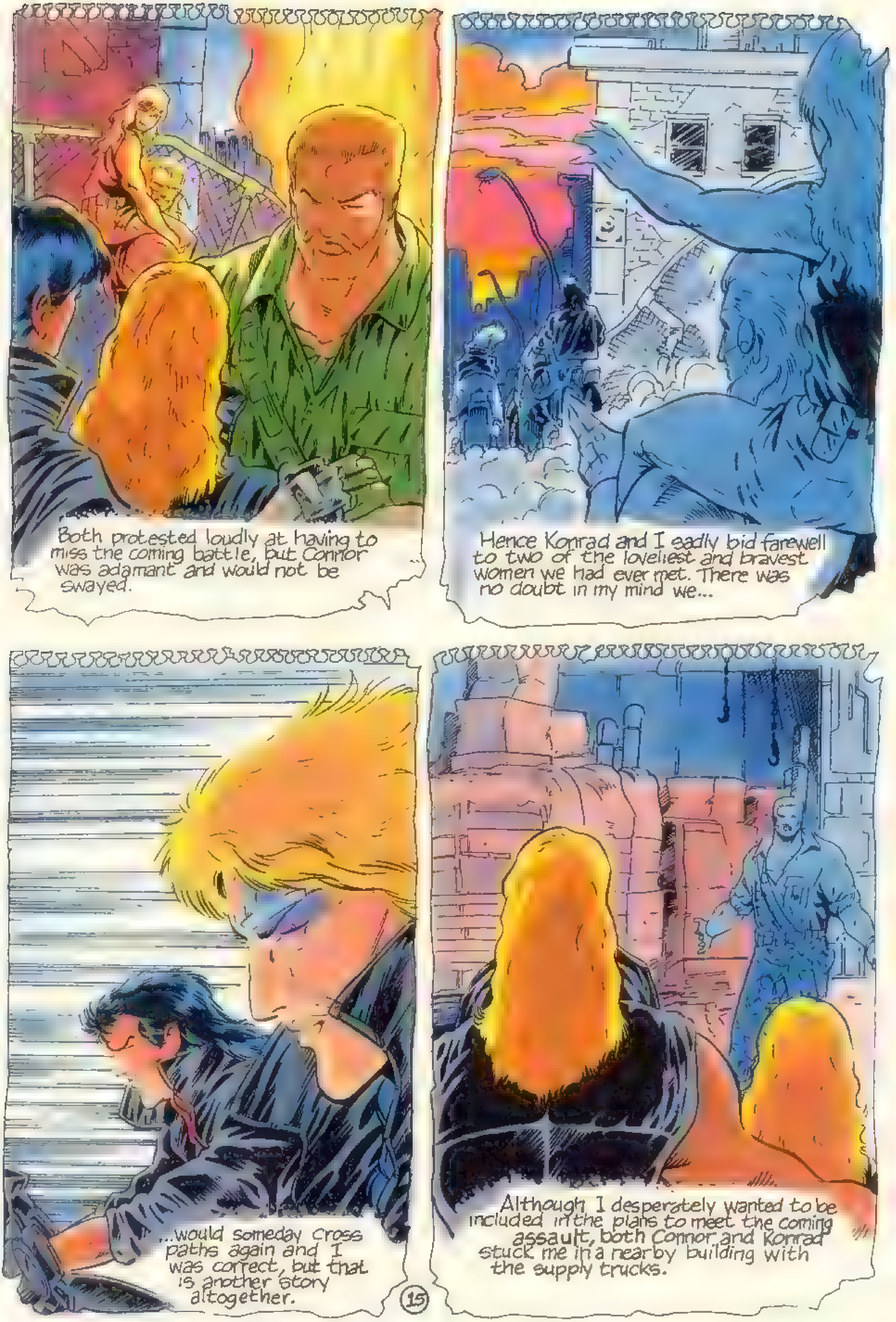
That I should crawl into some mental pit and hide from my surroundings during those ensuing hours of my mutilation, simply did not occur to me.


There were more important things to do.


Not the least of which was my continuing enthrallment with the presence of the one man all of us were in awe of, John Connor.

For years I had searched for this
fable fighter in hopes of learning
the fate that ultimately befell
my brother Kyle...
...and of course to sign on with the man
known as the Golden Bear Seeing Connor
in the flesh at long last was truly a mon-
umental experience for a lad my age.
He was all things I had envisioned him
to be... and less. Watching him move
among his troops,
...after their timely appearance on that
chewed up baseball field, he was the picture
of a dedicated strategist totally in
command.

Realizing Skynet, through their hundreds of video relays in all its Hunter-Killer ships, was certainly aware of his arrival,
...Connor anticipated an intense retaliation strike would not be long in coming.
He immediately set about preparing his troops.
Bikers Johnny Go and Dolores Parres were ordered to return to Amazon Annie and the baby-convoy and thus continue their assignments to deliver the babies.



Both protested loudly at having to miss the coming battle, but Connor was adamant and would not be swayed.
Hence Konrad and I sadly bid farewell to two of the loveliest and bravest women we had ever met. There was no doubt in my mind we...
...would someday cross paths again and I was correct, but that is another story altogether.
15
Although I desperately wanted to be included in the plans to meet the coming assault, both Connor and Konrad stuck me in a nearby building with the supply trucks.

Connor attempted to placate me by arguing the importance of protecting those ord nances that were vital to his mobile force.
RATIONS
Earlier, I said the man was less than I had dreamed. Never once, in my colorful imagination, had I ever perceived the Bear as a normal flesh and blood man.
A very tired and weary man. His eyes looked as old as time itself, and, even when he smiled to reassure us all, one did not miss the pain held captive.
RATIONS
As our relationship continued to grow in the coming years, I would come to discover the real facts and truths that made up the man.

But then, I was merely one angry and confused teen-age boy, ordered to sit out the coming fracas.
Which is as good a time as any to describe the elite cadre serving under the bear. Connor's Grizzlies as they tagged themselves,
...were fifty of the toughest, bravest soldiers ever assembled into one rebel unit. Made up of both men and women, all had extensive...
...survival and weapons training at the hands of special instructors

These teachers were continuously training new recruits at Connor's secret base headquarters ,in the Sierra Madres mountains in Mexico.
The Grizzlies were but one such outfit. Others were scattered throughout the North American continent and directed by members of Connor's hand picked officers to include his own family.
With him on this particular field trek were two such officers. Both as different from the other as night is from day.
The tall hispanic with the menacing eye-patch and muscles on muscles was Miguel De Verona.

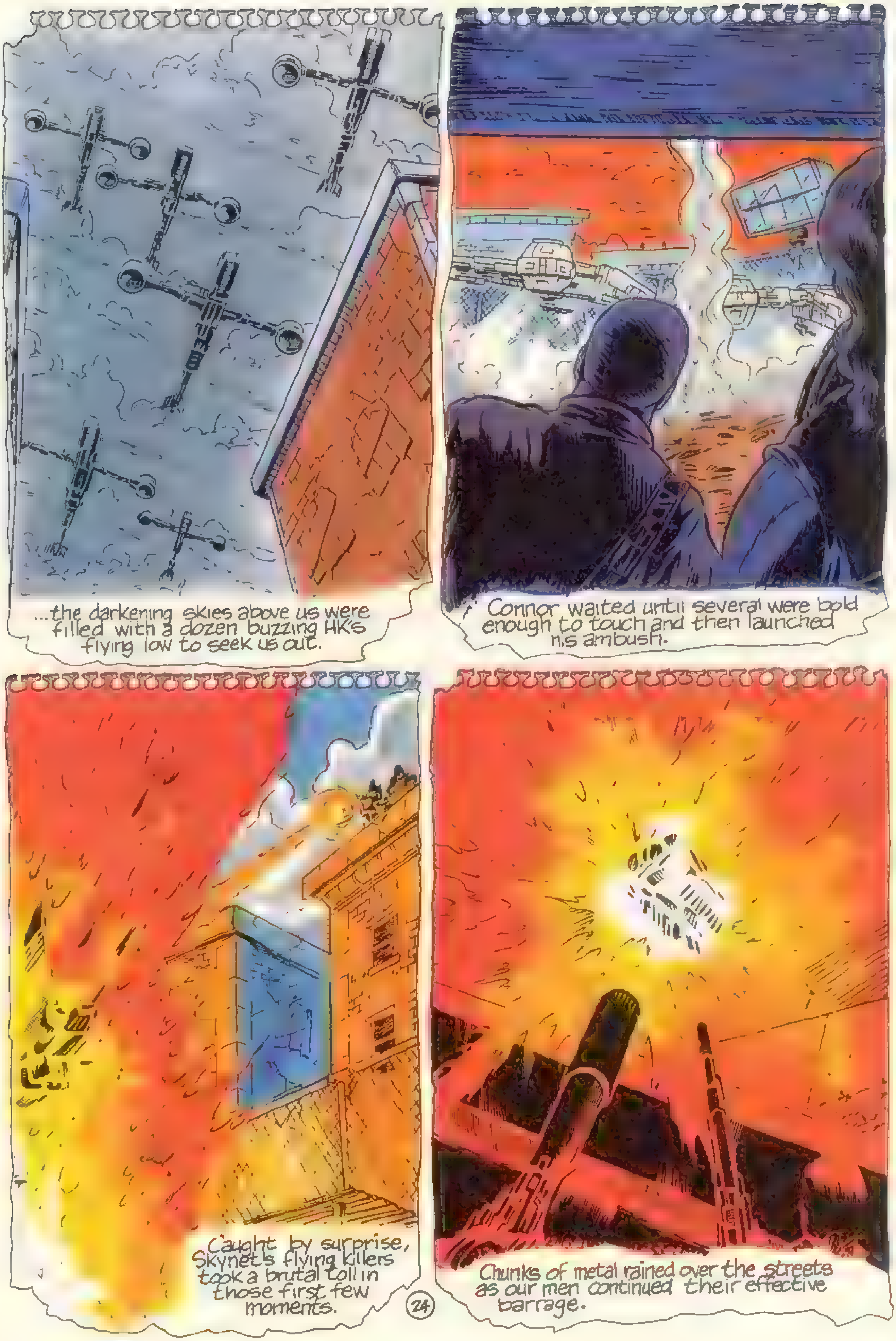
He and Connor had grown up together as children and their bond of friendship was forged in the fires of a hundred bloody campaigns.
Patch was a loyal and dedicated soldier, with a crazy lust for combat. It seemed he was only content when in the heat of conflict.
I never learned how he lost his eye but our mutual disability proved to be a common ground in which we would become close allies.
Connor's remaining subordinate was Gerald "Gerry" Gagnon, an ace mechanic who could make any motor hum at the touch of his pudgy, grease-covered fingers.

Gerry was, in fact, the designer of the Bears' special Cruise-Crushers, the magnificent vehicles with the strength and power of a tank..
...and the speed and mobility of a racing chariot.
Many were the hours I watched him work on ailing engines, his eyes alight with the challenge of repairing the damaged motor...
...with only his brilliant mind and the odd assortment of cannibilized tools available. As an ordnance chief he knew the

. wisdom of salvaging anything that could later be used. He even stripped destroyed Terminators for parts.
That amused him to no end, being able to use Skynet's own technology against it.
Lastly, in setting down the events of that day, I cannot fail to include our first introduction to the woman, Marissa Powell; a medic-specialist from Duluth
She had been traveling with a band of rebels through the south after having fled a gruesome Skynet subterfuge;

Terminator Dogs!
It would prove to be my personal good fortune that Marissa was there when my emotional need was to be so overwhelming.
Connor immediately placed her in charge of my recuperation and she fulfilled the task with a kind and giving heart.
It is doubtful I would have remained sane those first few weeks, had it not been for Marissa's constant love and attention.

As for the actual conflict that ensued, it was fairly pre-determined, as I watched the Grizzlies hustle about complying with the Bear's directives.
Portable plasma cannons were situated rooftops in a circle about the center of town.
Next the ten Cruise Crashers were skillfully hidden in deserted buildings, and the Grizzlies took up their positions.
We did not have long to wait. Within hours after our contest with the Goliath Terminator,


...the darkening skies above us were filled with a dozen buzzing HK's flying low to seek us out.
Connor waited until several were bold enough to touch and then launched his ambush.
Caught by surprise, Skynet's flying killers took a brutal toll in those first few moments.
Chunks of metal rained over the streets as our men continued their effective barrage.

The enemy retaliated with savage fury, amber bolts of plasma bringing death and destruction to all they touched.
I watched courageous men and women fall, as I hid behind the walls of the old warehouse where I had been ordered to remain.
I watched until my eyes clouded with moisture and my heart screamed to fight back at the horror unleashed upon us.
Thus, when Marissa turned away, I grabbed a plasma 1-X regulator and charged out into the street.

Taking reckless aim, as I ran to Jan Konrad and the Bear, my blood raced anew within my veins, and I realized my loss had been replaced.
Skynet had taken my old voice, the one of youth and innocence and inadvertently given me a newer sound; one of fire and steel!
Hear my voice, machine. It is the sweet music of your doom!
FROM THE JOURNALS OF TIMOTHY REESE - MEXICO 2067

TERMINAL DATA

Next Month, we'll be hearing from Ron Fortier so, get your letters in.

Issue 10 is awesome! Paul Gulacy's art work is great. Also I noticed this, on the first page (issue 10) there are two signs- one says Now Comics, the other has 22 Acacid avenue, which is an Iron Maiden song. Does Tony Caputo or someone down there like Iron Maiden? I only have one comment, why do all the women wear skimpy shirts and have enormous breasts? I'm not complaining, just asking. Keep up the awesome work.

Until Sknet blows a fuse,
Richie Bagley
109 South 8 Street
Bayside, NY 11361

Being a metal fan you only noticed that hidden attribute in issue 10, we try to give something to all our fans. Our country fans may even notice the Oak Ridge Boys faces hidden in a pile of rocks. Concerning the big breasted women, all I can say is again, we try to please all our fans?

To all concerned:

Y'all have got a truly amazing 'zine on your hands. Don't change a thing! I've bought all the Terminator books y'all've put out (1-10) and will continue to do so. Will you hate me forever if I don't subscribe? At a local store they're only $1.57, but I could be persuaded to subscribe. Well, let's get on with the congratulations: Mr Tenney, you are doing an awesome job drawing everthing. Mr. Brozman and Ms. Dechnik, the colors you two do are amazing. Y'all put M____l's fuzzy pictures to shame! You've faithfully recreated the post nuke frag-and-slag world of 2031! Ashes and darkness and clouds... I love it! Mr. Herman, what can I say. The storylines are great! I liked the Terminator in Paradise story. Mr. Fortier, your storylines are also great! Having Gow and Essie fall in love was pure genius, so I'm guessing they don't live through the HK crash in #10 If the baby is Gow's why would he be so impressed when Essie kissed him (page 22, panels 1 and 2)? Mr. Call and Gulacy, the covers of 4 and 10 respectively were incredible! Like photos! Better than M____l's even! And I liked #10's so much I bougth 4 copies! And Katherine, you are doing an excellent job answering letters. Well, that get's it. All you folks are doing great, and I hope this keeps up for years.

Sincerely,
Robbie Hood
1703 Elvis Presley Dr.
Tupelo, MS 38801

Gee, thanks from everyone! We all like hearing from fans like you making sure everyone gets their credit. But, just think if you subscribe, and your store runs out of Terminator, You all will still get your copy! Think of that!I never realized that people from the south write like they talk. Now let's get out there and steal from the rich and give to the poor. (just kiddin!)

Dear Kathrine,

When I intially sat down to write this letter, I was going to point out the occasional grammatical errors I find in your comic. But then I stopped and thought for a minute. This is a future society where there are no schools and survival is more important than knowing how to conjugate verbs. Therefore, the characters in the comic actually do make mistakes when they speak. Whether the writers meant the mistakes when they speak, they're there, and they belong. Also, in issue #9 page 5, Konrad reacts in surprise to the gator. Terminators are emotionless machines, and surprise is an emotion to make him seem more human?

Finally someone realizes what we are trying to do. To make a realistic impression in the readers mind, including bad speech. Thanks for bringing that in to light for those who have not realized it yet. The answer to Konrad being emotionless is very simple, Konrad is not a Terminator, he's a Android made on the moon, therefore more like humans with emotions.

ON SALE *NOW!*

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Speed, Trixie and Sparky turn into Super-Heroes at a comic convention!

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Dinosaurs from the earth's core roam free through the streets of New York!

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A Ghostly Godmother takes away Slimer's slime! See your drawing in the Draw Slimer Contest Winners!

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NOW NEWSFLASH!!

It's teaser time again. And, once again, it's a big big month at NOW Comics! First off, if you look at the inside front cover, you'll see that Caputo Publishing has created another division, NOW VIDEO, USA, for the servicing of the SPEED RACER VIDEO COLLECTION, comprised of three, one hour volumes of original Speed Racer cartoons! This is a limited run of 10,000 copies, so best get your orders in IMMEDIATELY! For ordering details, see the inside front cover!

And, to fulfill those cravings for RALPH SNART memorabilia, NOW and GRAPHITTI DESIGNS bring you the Official RALPH SNART T-Shirt! It's a full-color Ralph!. For more information, write to Graphitti Designs at: 1140 N. Kramer Blvd. Unit B, Annaheim, CA 92806; Or keep your eyes peeled in the Ralph Snart comic for the official solicitation!

I know that our GREEN HORNET fans are seriously anticipating any news on the upcoming series from NOW Comics, and I have just the thing to wet your lips. This is probably the only peek, until show time, that you'll get of the interior of the book. This is page six of the first issue, penciled by Jeff Butler. Remember, issue #1 is a Special Double-Sized collectors issue, with a cover by Jim Steranko! Most definitely a hot pick, so you don't want to miss this one. Coming this July!

And last, but not least, NOW COMICS has yet another title coming your way! LITTLE MONSTERS, the soon to be monthly title, is based on the film, by the people who brought you DIRTY DANCING, Vestron Pictures. The film, which will be released this August, features Fred Savage and Howie Mandel. "Remember when you were little and swore that there were monster under your bed - only to have your mom say, "It's just your imagination"? Well, it's all true. The series, coming late summer, will feature all new stories. And, rumor has it that Fred Savage will appear at the San Diego Comics Con. to promote the film and the comic!

Speaking of Conventions, don't forget that the REAL GHOSTBUSTERS will also make a special appearance at the Chicago Comics Con., NOW booth, where NOW will be giving away plenty of collectibles! And one last note to serious collectors, for THE REAL GHOSTBUSTERS paraphenalia send $1.50, for a free catalogue, to CREATIVE CHARACTERS, INC. P.O. Box 7, Commack, NY 11725.

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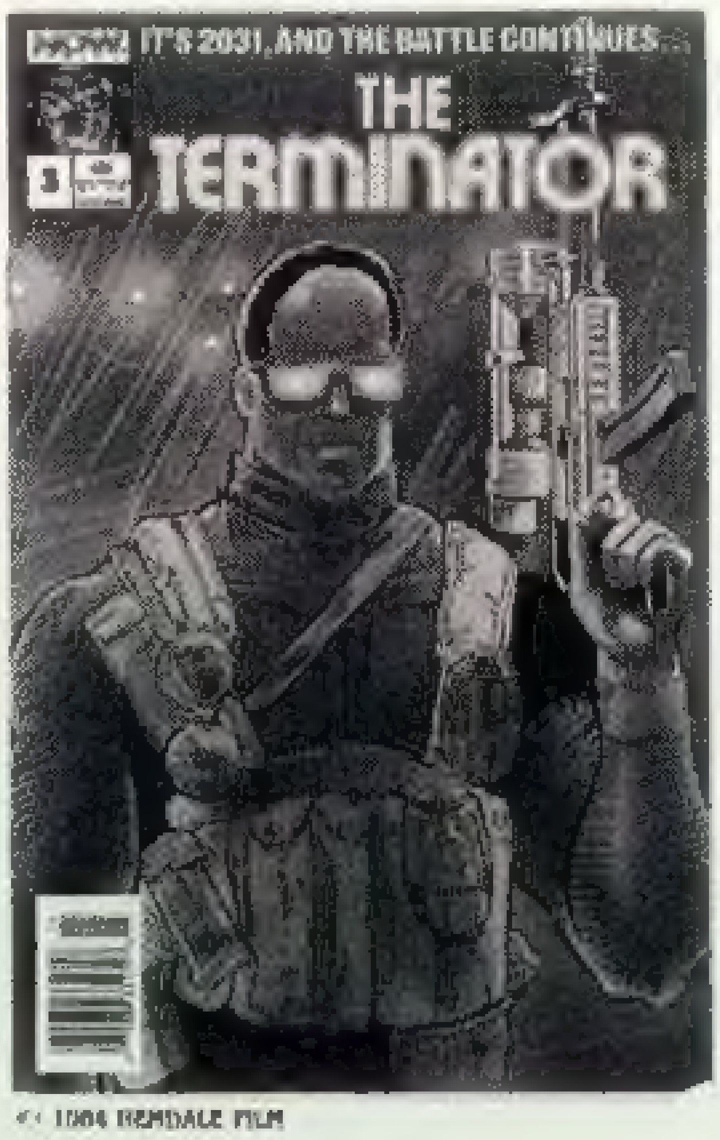

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